

came up to us, and Mrs. C* begged Mm to join his entreaties to hers. I declined it, saying things were too far gone, and I could not think of re-
 reporting what was possibly not true and which might prejudice them against her. ** I might just as well," said I, "take a pistol and attack her on the high road."

"Road, sir ?" said George, "I can now tell you who is bound to repair the road at Shiel-
 row"; and away he went helter-skelter after his road, without our being able to stop him or bring him back to the original subject.

September

1791.

We have been spending a very agreeable time at Whitfield in Allandale. Allandale is a neat little town over the Allan, almost every building of which is a public-house for the miners. Whitfield is a large new mansion, built about four years, the offices and stables complete, the situation wild and beautiful, the hills being bold and well wooded, and the moor-land at a proper distance in the view. A great deal of hanging wood, on

the left side, borders the river, and the
uneven
lawn is well dotted with trees.